



EPISODE 1

Written by

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EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE STANDS ALONE.

Softly lit by exterior lamps, it looms against the black sky.

The near-silence is pierced only by the incessant chirp of crickets and the distant cry of a fox.

Suddenly, a light flickers on in the top right window.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SASHA RUSSELL (17), gazes at her appealing reflection in a mirror whilst combing her mousey blonde locks.

She pauses, staring at herself for a brief, indulgent moment before moving on to brush her eyelashes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A battered hatchback pulls up outside the house.

INT. HATCHBACK

In the driver's seat sits JOHN CASTON (30). Mixed race and rugged with a shifty look. An expression he owns and desires.

He switches off the engine, and sits idle in the car for a beat before looking up in the direction of Sasha's window.

His phone beeps. A text message from "JOSH".

JOSH (SCREEN TEXT)  
*Where'd you go, bruv?*

John keys in a reply.

JOHN (SCREEN TEXT)  
*Picking her up. Makin' amends. Be back in 20, blud. Unless she gives me a ride on that cute ass :)*

John hits send, stuffs his phone back in his pocket, and peers back up towards her window.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sasha is applying lipstick when suddenly, the doorbell rings, catching her off guard.

INT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open, unveiling John standing on the porch, sporting a brazen smile.

JOHN  
Alright girl.

SASHA  
John? You picking me up? Was gonna grab a cab.

JOHN  
No need now, chauffeur arrived, innit.

Sasha swiftly moves to conceal her sense of unease.

SASHA  
Oh, ok. Just gonna finish up upstairs. Five or ten mins. Wanna grab a tea or summit from the kitchen?

JOHN  
Cool.

John steps in and closes the door.

Sasha heads up the stairs. John's eyes latch onto Sasha's lower half, nimbly climbing the steps in her midi skirt.

He tracks her until she rears out of sight.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A kettle boils.

**MOMENTS LATER**

John positions himself in the doorway of the kitchen's back door, unveiling the pitch-black expanse of the back garden.

He sips tea in silence... pulls a fat, half-smoked joint from his pocket, lights it, and takes a long toke.

He stares into the black nothingness, as an outpouring of smoke rises into the night sky.

Until...

A strange faint noise emanates from the back of garden – an unusual squeal with a guttural edge. Possibly a fox.

Unnerved, John peers in the direction.

John's POV: The bushes at the back of the garden, shrouded in darkness. We glance to the left of the bush, then to the right – did something just move within?

John focuses hard.

John's POV: The bush remains static, and the darkness obscures any discernible details.

He dismisses it... takes a considered look at his joint.

INT. STAIRS/LANDING - LATER

John climbs the stairs... reaches the landing... hovers outside Sasha's bedroom.

Just as he's about to knock on the door, he pauses, realising that Sasha is on the phone with someone.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Sasha is slouched on her bed with her pink-cased mobile phone to her ear --

SASHA

--

Be about fifteen mins, hun.

--

Bloody hope not. Dunno why he's picking me up, he was such a twat the other night.

--

He creeps me out too, Kels.

--

Down stairs, I think.

John's ear is pressed against the door as her words hit home.

SASHA

Josh is gonna get a slap for this, he knows we can't stand the prick.

Sasha's subsequent giggle reverberates through the door.  
Having heard enough, John takes a step back.

SASHA  
Nearly ready, just gotta text 'me  
folks, quick nails and done.

John stands idly on the landing.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

John is at the sink, turns on the tap... washes his hands...  
splashes water into his face.

Glares at himself in the mirror.

JOHN  
It's bollocks bruv. Fuck 'em.

John lingers on his reflection, then...

THAT STRANGE, FAINT NOISE from the garden - closer this time,  
inside the bathroom.

Spooked, his eyes dart around.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Centering on the bathroom door, an air of silence prevails,  
intermittently broken only by Sasha's muffled conversation  
from her room...

Suddenly, a SCREECH echoes from inside the bathroom, swiftly  
followed by a BONK, like something collapsing to the floor.

Sasha's bedroom door swings open and still with phone to her  
ear, she peers in the direction of the disturbance --

The bathroom door is closed. Nothing innocuous.

SASHA  
(hushed into phone)  
Just him in the bathroom  
--  
yeah, better rap it up.

She returns to her room, leaving the door slightly ajar,  
allowing her muffled conversation to persist.

On the static landing we focus on the bathroom door.

The landing light briefly flickers.

Then...

The bathroom door swings open, and John steps out.

Immediately, there is a sense that something is not right with him --

His cold, piercing eyes are locked onto Sasha's door.

A malign smile flickers across his lips.

He strides forward, machine-like, and bursts in.

We stay on the landing.

SASHA (O.S.)  
Whoa, can't you knock?  
(then, highly distressed)  
Wait, whatcha you doing! Get off  
me! John! Get off me!

Her words descend into a gut-wrenching, gurgling scream.

SOMETHING balefully growls.

We're left with the horrific sounds of a savage assault...

FADE TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

John kneels, staring in disbelief.

Slowly, he rises... steps back, eyes locked on the sight before him.

A police siren wails.

Flashing blue lights spill through the window - John's gaze shifts in that direction.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Two POLICE OFFICERS stand at the door as the doorbell rings.

A beat.

One moves to press it again -

The door creaks open, revealing JOHN.

OFFICER#1  
Evening sir, we're responding to  
reports--

The officer halts, eyes locking onto John's dazed expression  
and the BLOOD staining his clothes.

OFFICER#1  
Has something happened here, Sir?

John stands motionless for a beat.

JOHN  
I think she's dead.

As John speaks, blood glistens on his teeth.

OFFICER#1  
Excuse me?

JOHN  
Sasha... upstairs... she's dead.

Both officers stare at John, unable to respond.

WIDE SHOT

All three men stand stock-still on the porch.

The whole Russell house is once again back in view. Still  
glowing against the pitch-black night.

Looming.

FADE TO TITLE SEQUENCE:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

DI MIKE STEVENS (early 40s), a heavysset Liverpudlian in a  
grey suit, has eyes on the shelf sandwiches --

Four egg and cress, each marked down to 99p. Beside them, a  
lone egg and bacon, stubbornly holding its £2.99 price tag.

Mike grabs the egg and bacon sandwich but pauses. A decision  
forms. He slyly scans his surroundings, peels a 99p sticker  
off an egg and cress pack, and slaps it onto his choice.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Mike dumps his sandwich and a couple of bags of crisps on the shop counter

Manning it is AZAD (50), who greets him with a wide smile.

AZAD  
Ah, officer Stevens.

MIKE  
Detective Inspector Stevens. Fun day at the Coop, Azad?

Azad puts Mikes crisps through the till.

AZAD  
Same as everyday - stock, sell, stand idly, repeat.

MIKE  
Yep, lifes truly a blast.

Azad picks up the sandwich, eyebrows raised at the unexpected reduction. He keys it in as Mike watches.

MIKE  
Usual too, Az.

Azad grabs a pack of cigarettes from behind him and puts them through the till.

AZAD  
Fun day at the police station?

MIKE  
Same as every day - arrest, interview, let go, repeat.

AZAD  
Any news on that stabbing?

MIKE  
This weeks or last weeks?

AZAD  
Either.

MIKE  
At stage one - arrest, interview, let go, repeat. Just waiting for stage three when the little shits grass each other up.

Mike grabs his purchases from the counter.



AZAD  
Eighteen forty-nine.

MIKE  
I swear your store has its own  
inflation rates.

Azad holds out the card reader toward Mike, who swipes his debit card.

AZAD  
You done for the day?

MIKE  
God be willing.

On cue, the sound of Mike's mobile phone ringing, he shares an ironic look with Azad.

He pulls his phone from his jacket pocket, eyeing the caller ID.

MIKE  
Shit.  
(to Azad)  
Excuse me.

Mike takes a few steps away from the counter and puts his phone to ear.

MIKE  
Gary, this better be worth it.  
--  
Yeah, I know 'em.  
--  
What?  
--  
Jesus.  
--  
Okay, I'm on route.

Mike's arm and phone abruptly drop to his side, he stands frozen for a moment.

Azad is watching from his counter.

AZAD  
You okay?

MIKE  
... Gotta go, mate.

Azad nods as Mike, troubled, steps toward the exit.

EXT. THE RUSSELL HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

This previously quiet street is now awash with activity --

Police cars. Ambulances. A forensic van.

Uniformed police officers liaise with civilians.

The dark skies alight with blue flashing lights.

One police officer guards the front door of the Russell house.

A FORD MONDEO parks up. The door opens and Mike steps out.

He heads directly for the guarding officer at the front door.

MIKE

Gary.

OFFICER GARY

Sir.

(they share a look)

Upstairs, front, right.

Mike takes a pensive look towards the top right window.

OFFICER GARY

S.O.C.O. are already in the room.

Mike thinks for a beat.

MIKE

The parents?

OFFICER GARY

No sign, presume they're gonna be back soon... to this.

MIKE

Christ... do you know who they brought in?

OFFICER GARY

Uh, Caston... John Caston.

MIKE

Caston.

OFFICER GARY

You know him?

MIKE

We know him... d'know his version?

Officer Gary shakes his head.

OFFICER GARY  
Gregg and Andy took him in.

MIKE  
Alright, cheers, Gary. I better go upstairs. Listen, if you see the parents arrive, grab me quick.

OFFICER GARY  
Will do.

With apprehension, Mike steps into the house.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks slowly, meticulously taking in the scene.

Sees the KITCHEN ahead, walks towards it. Stops at the doorway and peers inside.

Mike's POV: Clean and tidy. Everything in the Kitchen appears in order. The back door is closed. Only a mug that sits by the sink is out of place.

It's all very silent, away from the commotion of the outside.

He then leaves the kitchen doorway and heads for the stairs.

Cautiously climbs the steps.

Makes his way up onto the --

LANDING

Walks past the bathroom and heads towards the front room on the right.

The door is half open but very little can be seen within.

Mike stops at the door, takes a deep breath, and then we follow him inside --

SASHA'S BEDROOM

He stops to see two FORENSIC OFFICERS in uniform.

One is using a small forensic brush against the edge of a bedroom cabinet.

The other is peering through a camera set up on a tripod.

That camera is focused on THE BODY OF SASHA RUSSELL, sprawled out on the bed.

Legs unnaturally spread, both bruised and scratched. Nickers removed, draped over her ankles.

Her once immaculate peach skirt, now ripped, disorderly, and in areas, dis-coloured by blood.

Her head is out of shot, but her blouse has been ripped open, leaving a bra and a relatively unscathed abdomen.

Suddenly...

The body abruptly flashes, synchronized with that unsettling camera shutter sound.

This happens again, illuminating Sasha's body for that macabre second.

Mike stares down at her body, horrified, sickened.

The camera flashes once again, lighting up his face. His eyes slowly manoeuvre to the forensic officer manning the camera.

MIKE

Guys.

FORENSIC OFFICER#1 looks up from the camera.

FORENSIC OFFICER#1

Chief.

The other forensic officer nods in Mike's direction but then continues with her brushing.

Mike looks back down at the body, his eyes still struggling to fully comprehend the sight before him.

FORENSIC OFFICER#1

I wouldn't dwell on the face.

MIKE

... Don't think I've ever seen as bad as that... what we got so far?

FORENSIC OFFICER#1 (O.S)

Two sets of fresh prints, the girls and secondary.

MIKE

How long do you need her in the room?

FORENSIC OFFICER#1

Nearly done... I can make the call.

MIKE

Cheers... I better go talk to the streets.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Thirty-something MRS SHELLY stands with her young son in a neighbouring driveway.

MRS SHELLY

Screaming. Yelling. Definitely a struggle. Not some domestic. It sounded horrific.

Mike stands by, listening intently.

MRS SHELLY

She okay?

MIKE

Were you able to see into that  
(points to Sasha's window)  
window, at that time?

MRS SHELLY

I came out. Could hear it was all coming from there. Couldn't see anything though. Called 999... when I came back out, the bloke was peering out the window, that's when you lot arrived.

MIKE

Ok - so just screaming and a struggle?

MRS SHELLY

Uh...no... awful sounds. Like an animal was in there or something-- I dunno.

MIKE

An animal?

MRS SHELLY

Like growls and weir--

OFFICER GARY (O.S)

Mike! Mike!

Mike spins around to see Officer Gary gesturing to the arrival of a middle-aged couple --

MR AND MRS RUSSELL

Frantically exiting their cars in response to all the emergency vehicles surrounding their home.

MRS SHELLY  
The Russell's.

MIKE  
Shit. Sorry, excuse me.

Mike dashes in that direction.

OUTSIDE THE RUSSELL HOUSE

MRS RUSSELL  
What's happened? What's going on?

Officer Gary tries to imitate a human stop sign in defence of the front door. Mike gets over there, fast.

MIKE  
Mrs Russell, Mr Russel, if you  
could just step away from the hou--

MRS RUSSELL	MR RUSSEL
What do you mean? What's	Where's Sasha!
happened? What's happened!	

MIKE  
I'm afraid there's been an incident  
involving your daughter...

Their faces sink, Mrs Russell places her hand over her heart.

MIKE  
...If you would forgive me, but at  
this time the house is still being  
treated as a crime scen--

MRS RUSSELL  
No, No, No, whaddya mean?  
(to Mr Russell)  
What's he mean! Trevor, what's he  
saying!

Mrs Russell cannot be contained and frantically dodges past Mike and Officer Gary, rushing into her house.

MRS RUSSELL  
Sasha! Sasha!

Stricken, Mr Russell follows suit, whilst Mike, looking up to the heavens, contemplates the unfolding tragedy.

Within moments...

A despairing scream bellows from the house.

INT. HOUSE LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Mrs Russell is frozen at the door of SASHA's room.

Through the doorway, we see a glimpse of the horrific murder scene, including the dumbfounded S.O.C.O. officers.

The distraught Mrs Russell collapses into Mr Russell, who both subside down the wall outside Sasha's room.

They embrace in a frenzy of heartache.

Amongst her frantic tears, Mrs Russell mumbles --

MRS RUSSELL

That's not our girl! That's not our girl! No, no, no. Where's our girl, where's Sasha? Where is she...

Mr Russell's eyes are glazed.

MRS RUSSELL

It can't be her...our baby?...is that our baby?

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As their cries ring out, Mike stands solemnly on the porch.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A church tower glows, illuminated by the yard lights.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

In and around the church altar, REVEREND ALEX STYLES is organising books and hymn papers.

This 40-something Christian minister, dressed in a casual clergy shirt and jeans, stands alone in the empty church.

He stops to consider his newly made layout... is unsure.

He moves a bible to the other side of the table, accidentally knocking one of the tall candle sticks onto the church floor.

REVEREND STYLES

Shit.

Moves around the table to pick up the fallen candle.

On his way back up he catches the eyes of JESUS, in a stained glass window, just above the altar. Jesus seemingly looks right at him.

REVEREND STYLES

Sorry.

A moment between Styles and the redeemer.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Reverend Styles shuts the entrance doors and locks up.

As he walks down the church path, a blaring siren cuts through the silence.

Styles watches the emergency vehicle speed past through the trees on the nearby road.

As he steps forward, something catches his eye.

Resting on a gravestone -- a metallic red PENTAGRAM.

A note dangles from it, tied with string.

Styles picks it up. Examines it with unease.

He rips off the note, lets the pentagram fall, and reads...

Styles looks up, unnerved.

REVEREND STYLES

(under breath)

Micheals.

INT. MOVING CAR - RESIDENTIAL ROADS - NIGHT

A troubled Styles drives his Volkswagen Beetle.

He turns onto a new road and spots a cluster of emergency vehicles ahead. He slows and pulls over.



**MOMENTS LATER**

Styles approaches a MAN and a sobbing WOMEN who stand across the road from the RUSSELL HOUSE. They both know who he is.

MAN

Reverend.

REVEREND STYLES

What's happened, that's Trevor's house?

MAN

Sasha... we saw them take her away... the body.

Styles stares.

WOMAN

They're saying she was murdered in her room.

Styles steps away from the couple, fixes his heavy gaze on the house.

He retrieves the note from his jacket pocket --

Written in what appears to be blood in a gothic style font --

"Prepare for the second coming of Hell"

He looks back up at the house with palpable dread.

His POV: Slowly panning toward the top-right window, drawing closer with an eerie, unsettling focus.

Back on Styles: close on his eyes, where fear begins to stir.

END OF ACT 1

INT. FORENSIC LABORATORY - DAY

Close on an appealing but repentant female face, early 30s, her brown startled eyes staring downwards, flitting movement, absorbing a sight that is striking every chord.

This is Detective Sergeant ELLIE HAWKINGS.

Her POV: A photo of SASHA RUSSELL'S defiled body on her bed.  
A man's voice orates off-screen --

DR EVANS (O.S)  
...A total of seventeen abrasions  
to the body and face.

She turns over another photo showing bruising to the thighs.

DR EVANS (O.S)  
Large contusion in the upper left  
thigh, where there is a visible  
tear to the skin. Similar rupture  
on the right thigh but no tear.

She flips over a photo of Sasha's bruised torso.

DR EVANS (O.S)  
The bruising to the ribs and the  
left breast - all point to  
excessively aggressive pinching or  
grasping.

The next photo to be flipped shows Sasha's face. There is a  
horrific laceration on her left cheek.

DR EVANS (O.S)  
The bite mark on her cheek was  
applied with such force it's left a  
visible profile. A lot of hate went  
into this attack.

Ellie, standing by the table where the photos lie, has to  
look away.

MIKE is also in the room, he faces 50-something pathologist  
DR EVANS who wears trademark pathologist gear.

DR EVANS  
Jugding by the abrasion to the  
neck, cause of death at this stage  
points towards strangulation but  
we're still waiting on the CT scan.

Sasha Russell's body lies on a lab bed, mostly covered by a blue sheet. The untarnished side of her face remains strikingly pretty.

MIKE

How we doing with the necessities?

DR EVANS

It's take your pick. All third party prints belong to your man. And we got a wealth of blood samples from his shirt.

MIKE

You've got his prints and shirt?

DR EVANS

Think your "chief super" got 'em over here.

Mike shoots Ellie a quick, apprehensive glance, but she barely registers, still absorbed in the photos.

DR EVANS

I'm pretty certain we'll have a very comprehensive set by the end of the day - if this fella wasn't bang to rights enough.

Mike nods... but has a more pressing question.

MIKE

The sexual injuries?

Dr Evans expression decends a notch.

DR EVANS

I should start with...

He walks over to a table and picks up a bag.

DR EVANS

We found this.

Dr Evans Holds up the bag. Within is a GOLD NECKLACE CHAIN with a CROSS. There are visible speckles of blood.

MIKE

Where did you find that?

Dr Evans returns quite the morbid expression.

EXT. FORENSIC LAB CAR PARK - LATER

Mike smokes, brooding. Ellie lingers by his Ford Mondeo.

ELLIE

Can we get out of 'ere, already?

MIKE

No, I need to finish this.

She watches him for a moment.

ELLIE

You ever come across anything like that before?

MIKE

No, that's a first for me.

ELLIE

Nearly convinced me to start smoking.

Mike pulls his fag packet from his pocket and offers it in Ellie's direction, she shakes her head.

MIKE

I keep playing it out in my head, the moment when I slam that bag down onto the table... he'll show something. There's no way the bastard won't show something.

Mike takes a long pull on his cig.

MIKE

This is some horrible bullshit, Els.

Ellie gently nods in agreement... before clocking the cig in Mike's hand --

ELLIE

Watch your fingers.

Mike looks down at the butt that is about to sizzle.

MIKE

Ouch.

(drops cig)

C'mon, let's get out of 'ere, already.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - DAY

The Mondeo cruises along with the traffic.

INT. FORD MONDEO - CONTINUOUS

Mike grips the wheel, eyes fixed ahead, Ellie sits beside him in the passenger seat. Both lost in their thoughts.

MIKE

... If he has to rape her... why  
don't he just rape her?

Ellie stares, bemused expression.

MIKE

My point is, Sergeant - this piece  
of shit could've had his way with  
her, done eight years, out in four,  
back to being the local scumbag  
that he is... but no. He had to  
kill her. Inflict vile things.  
Leave her for her parents to find.

(beat)

Rape is abhorrent, but at least I  
can understand the motive. This?  
This kinda shit I'll never  
understand.

ELLIE

... I guess we're not suppose to  
understand. Just solve. Like what  
you've always told me, "collect the  
facts, deliver the justice".

MIKE

And that we will. Believe me.

They sit silent and pensive.

ELLIE

You really ought to check in with  
the "super", when we get in.

MIKE

All in good time, Hawkings. I've  
gotta pop by the school. I'll drop  
you off at the station.

ELLIE

May I ask why?

MIKE

After last night's shit, I was  
shirty with the Mrs. Won't be long.

Ellie rolls her eyes. Beat.

ELLIE

... Y'know, Danny got his  
promotion.

MIKE

(not interested)  
Did he?

ELLIE

Yep, team leader now.

MIKE

Excellent.

ELLIE

Do you know who I'm talking about?

MIKE

... That your fella, the mechanic.

ELLIE

Software engineer.

MIKE

Going well with you two?

ELLIE

Thanks for asking. Yeah, smooth  
enough. Be nice if he showed some  
commitment at some point, but...  
yeah fine.

MIKE

Can hardly blame him.

ELLIE

Shall I just put the radio on?

MIKE

Make it so.

Ellie reaches for the radio button - queue some music.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Mondeo flies down a clear straight.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Detached, doesn't live up to the Russell property but is modest and cosy.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

KELLY SAMS (16), a wholesome edge beneath her goth look, sits on her bed, tense, keying in a message.

Phone Screen: Message to "Sash" - *"I'm really worried, tell me your OK? Hope to see you soon xx."*

A bunch of other messages predate that one: *"What happened?", "you're phones gone dead", "I called the police".*

She looks up, stares blankly ahead.

The sound of a car pulling up from outside. Kelly darts to her window.

HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly descends the staircase as her mother JEANNATTE (40's) enters through the front door.

KELLY

Did you hear anything?

Jeannettes expression offers extrememly regretful news.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Kelly hunches over the toilet, distraught, breathing heavy.

A gentle knock on the door.

JEANNETTE (O.S)

You OK hunny?

Kelly rises, unsteady, facing the mirror - fraught gaze locked on herself.

JEANNETTE

Sorry Kelly, can you open the door?  
Just a quick word.

Kelly sluggishly opens the door. Jeannette stands there, sympathy in her eyes and voice.

JEANNETTE

You say you were on the phone to  
Sasha when this man was there?

Kelly nods.

JEANNETTE

Do you know him?

Kelly nods, every action tinged with ambivalence.

JEANNETTE

Do you think you should tell the  
police this?

KELLY

... They got him. If they want to  
talk to me, they can talk to me.

INT. HOUSE LOUNGE - DAY

STEPH STEVEN'S, late 30s, tall, statuesque, warm but no-  
nonsense, nestles on her sofa staring at the television.

She holds a mug of hot something close to her mouth and her  
expression seems preoccupied.

On-screen: A nature documentary. A large male lion mounts a  
smaller female, biting her neck in an aggressive mating  
ritual.

Steph watches, winces.

The sound of someone entering the house.

Steph's expression sharpens. She lowers the TV volume via the  
remote as Mike enters the room.

STEPH

Hey.

MIKE

Thought you were full day at the  
School today?

STEPH

No, I did mention it last night,  
but...

MIKE

Yeah, look, I'm sorry. You know how  
this shit brings me down. And last  
night really brought me down.



STEPH

It's OK. I just get upset when I try to help... comfort, and you throw it back in my face.

Mike nods, apologetic.

STEPH

Still trying to work out how to get you to un-see "a fucked-up crime scene".

Mike titters, apologetic. Beat.

STEPH

Dreadful what happened. Talking about it at the school. People asking me what I know.

MIKE

You just give them the usual?

STEPH

Yep. Mike tells me nothin'.

MIKE

That's why your my wife...

STEPH

Not far from the truth.

MIKE

Well, I better not hang around, got a meeting with our suspect.

Steph offers a knowing nod.

MIKE

Just wanted to apologise in person. Check we're good.

Steph offers an accepting smile. Mike turns to leave but Steph has something pressing on her mind.

STEPH

Mike.

He's stops, turns to her.

STEPH

Wanted to mention it last night but... Paul contacted me. He's split with his Mrs. I offered to meet up with him.

Mike's expression descends.

STEPH

It's just support. Just friends.

MIKE

Right. Sure. You go meet up with your Ex whilst I'll go and conduct the most intense interview of my career.

STEPH

Not today. Mike, come on – I'm just trying to be open with you. Honest. You know... like the counselor said we should.

Mike stares.

MIKE

Oh yeah, that's right. Fine, you go see Paul. Thanks a bunch. See you later, honey.

STEPH

Mike?

Mike storms outta the house, door slamming, leaving Steph to sigh, vexed.

INT. RUNDOWN FLAT - DAY

On a wall is a poster: it's a circle of candles, circumferencing the STAR of DAVID, pitch black background. A DEMONIC FIGURE stands in the middle.

Another poster: a demon fights an angel.

To the right is a photo of CHARLES MANSON, deranged and incarcerated.

A little lower, a BNP flyer and a red poster, dominated by a SWASTIKA. Underneath the infamous symbol, reads "Dead Paki Walking".

These all belong to SCOTT MICHAELS (late 20s), who sits on his couch scowling into his laptop.

He is tattooed with a notable occult SCYTHE pigmented on his neck.

The flat is a mess with beer cans and takeaway leftovers among the clutter.

Scott takes a drag of his roll-up that has been burning away on his table ashtray.

On the laptop monitor is TWITTER. A tweet from a MELISSA DAVIDSON. Profile pic: Attractive young woman. Tweet reads --

*'So proud of me and my hubby's newborn. He is so beautiful. We feel like the luckiest people in the world right now!'*

A picture of Melissa and her mixed-race partner, who cradles the newborn.

The tweet has 1300 likes and 923 retweets.

Scott stares down with notable disdain.

Then starts typing a reply with his SNARLING WOLF 'CLEANSEROFFILTH' profile pic - taking pleasure in every keystroke.

CLEANSEROFFILTH (SCREEN TEXT)  
*Oi, you filthy skank, you better  
 burn that little parasite you just  
 spawned, and the devil may spare  
 your blushes. You're the scourge of  
 society. Keep it white, bitch.*

Scott clicks send without hesitation. Takes a toke of his roll-up, almost celebratory.

SCOTT  
 Ain't getting away with that shit.  
 Not on my watch, sweetheart.

Scott rests up on his sofa, relaxed and gratified.

Until...

The sound of a messenger alert.

Scott picks up his phone from his littered table - A message from ABACUS.

Scott's demeanor shifts as unease settles in.

The message reads --

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)  
*I need you to pay her a visit.*

Scott stares at the message, reluctant. He takes a deep breath and keys a response.

SCOTT MICHAELS (SCREEN TEXT)

OK.

Scott waits for a reply. There is palpable tension.

SCOTT

(under breath)

Why the fuck did I ever--

Scott cuts himself off mid-sentence, glancing warily around his living room, as if suspecting he's being watched. His gaze settles on something on the wall, his eyes widen.

One of the DEMONIC portraits is staring back at him.

Scott lingers on the unsettling image, then picks up his roll-up, re-lights it, and takes a long, steady drag.

He glances back at his phone, no message from Abacus.

His eyes catch something on the table: a local newspaper paper. The front page headline reads --

'COMMUNITY SHOCKED BY HORRIFYING HOME MURDER.'

It instantly sparks an uneasy notion. Scott considers carefully before typing a question into Messenger.

SCOTT MICHAEL'S (SCREEN TEXT)

*There was a murder near here last  
night. Was that to do with what you  
spoke of?*

Scott waits.

But then a reply from ABACUS. One emoji after the other --

ABACUS (SCREEN TEXT)

😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄😄

Scotts perturbed eyes take in every sinister beat.

END OF ACT 2

EXT. HOUSE - OPPOSITE RUSSELL HOUSEHOLD - DAY

An ELDERLY LADY stands on her porch, she is recollecting.

ELDERLY LADY  
...Eight O'clock, nine O'clock,  
well that would have been Corrie. I  
was trying to watch it, had done  
all the washing.

Facing her is HANNAH OWEN, late 20's. A studious but  
outwardly cheery detective constable.

HANNAH  
Trying to watch Corrie? Did  
something interrupt your viewing  
pleasure?

ELDERLY LADY  
Yes, after the break, Angus started  
making a racket.

HANNAH  
Angus?

The elderly lady turns down her hall and calls for Angus.

ELDERLY LADY  
Angus, Angus!

A large Doberman dog emerges from the hallway onto the porch.

HANNAH  
Oh, hi Angus.

Angus shows Hannah his teeth.

ELDERLY LADY  
Yeah, he just started barking,  
barking at the window, sometimes he  
does that.

HANNAH  
The front window?

ELDERLY LADY  
Well yes, but he often barks out of  
that window... at cars mostly.

HANNAH  
Did you see any vechiles arrive  
outside of number twenty four at  
that time?

ELDERLY LADY

I don't know dear, I was trying to watch Corrie.

Hannah ponders for a moment.

HANNAH

Basically you didn't hear or see anything strange between eight and nine last night, in and around the Russell property?

ELDERLY LADY

No, I only heard what happened this morning. My god it's shaken me up, I cannot believe it. She looked such a sweet girl.

Hannah weighs things up... looks down at Angus.

HANNAH

Don't suppose you can confirm what you were barking at last night?

Angus just stares at her, inhospitably.

ELDERLY LADY

I would take that as a "no", dear.

INT. MRS SHELLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS SHELLY sits in her posh chair with a mug of coffee in her hand. She recounts, solemnly.

MRS SHELLY

I ran outside and was already on the phone to you lot after my youngest, Charlie, heard the screams from his room.

Opposite sits Detective EDDIE PHILLIPS, late 20's, notebook and pen to hand. Thinks he is suave - more like swagger.

EDDIE

Did you have eyes on the house at all, prior to the commotion, Mrs Shelly?

MRS SHELLY

Why would I?

EDDIE

I'm afraid it's our job to ask everything.

MRS SHELLY

No, I saw nothing before the commotion.

EDDIE

You didn't see any other cars besides the suspects? Or anyone else around?

MRS SHELLY

The only thing I saw was him, staring out her window, when you lot arrived. He looked... absent... like a man who couldn't believe the evil he'd just committed.

Eddie nods, taking it in.

MRS. SHELLY

We locked eyes for moment... I'll never forget that.

Eddie hangs on that before checking his pad.

EDDIE

Was there something about the noises you heard from the room?

MRS SHELLY

Yes.

Mrs. Shelly pauses, haunted by the memory.

MRS SHELLY

They wern't normal. Screeches. Roaring. Like... an animal was in there...

(Off Eddie's unsure look)

I don't know what I heard. I wasn't out there long. Before it all went silent.

As Eddie ponders that, a 7 year old boy wanders into the living room, looking strangely disorientated.

EDDIE

Ello, young fella.

The kid lethargically turns in the direction of Eddie.

Eddie smiles. The kid just stares.

MRS. SHELLY  
That's Charlie.

EDDIE  
Ello, Charlie.

Charlie continues to stare, now looking past Eddie.

MRS SHELLY  
Sasha used to babysit Charlie. This  
has really shaken him.  
(to Charlie)  
Say hello to Detective Phillips.

Charlie is seemingly focused on the window behind Eddie.

CHARLIE  
Hello Detective Phillips.

Eddie greets him with a nod but feels something unnatural.

MRS SHELLY  
Me and Detective Phillips need to  
speak privately now, Charlie.

Charlie turns to leave. Eddie watches him go.

MRS SHELLY  
Y'know, I gotta go over there at  
some point. Known Susan for six  
years now. I've been working on  
different things to say. I mean  
what do you say? What do you say  
after something like that? Sorry  
for your loss? Anything you need? I  
can't put it off forever... do I  
just hug her?

Eddie still looks lost on the kid... and other things.

EDDIE  
A hug should suffice, Mrs Shelly.

INT. CUSTODY CELL - POLICE STATION - DAY

Within the narrow four walls, on a stark, standard-issue bed,  
sits John Caston. His gaze is fixed, vacant, on the bleak,  
empty wall opposite him.



He raises his hands, palms up, studying them with an almost detached curiosity. Slowly, he rotates them, as if questioning whether they're even his own.

After a beat, he drops his hands and turns his attention back to the wall, staring deeply into it...

INSERT FLASH SHOT:

A planchette scrapes sharply across a dimly lit OUIJA BOARD, landing on the letter "T." The scene is dark and tense, the planchette's movement quick and jarring.

END FLASHSHOT:

Back on John: A shiver runs through him.

A sharp knock on the custody cell door. John's head snaps up, eyes alert.

INT. DCS OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

A woman in her 50s sits at an office table, examining a report with a focused yet appalled expression. She is wearing the uniform white shirt and black tie, her epaulettes show a crown and symbol.

This is the Detective Chief Superintendent SULLIVAN.

She finishes reading and looks up at Mike, who sits across the table.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Horrifying.

Mike nods as Sullivan's gaze descends into a glare.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Mike, when my D.I. walks into one of the most horrific crime scenes this force has ever seen, I find it utterly unacceptable that he doesn't think to brief his senior officer.

MIKE  
Sorry, ma'am, it was all hectic. Briefing the team, forensics.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Really?? Had the chief constable on the phone, first thing. He has to tell me, what he saw on the news.  
(MORE)

DCS SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
I didn't know a thing about it.  
Even though it was my officers that  
attended the scene.

Mike expresses an apology or at least feigns it.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Pretty embarrassing. A text. A  
phone call. Any heads up, Mike.  
This is not if you can be bothered,  
this is compulsory.

MIKE  
Won't happen again.

Her look is hard but dubious.

MIKE  
Definitely mean it, this time.

Sullivan weighs things up.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Do you feel you're in a position to  
charge him?

MIKE  
Close. If I go in after lunch,  
armed with whatever info the troops  
come back with... I see a charge,  
with or without forensics.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Good, but I need you in there right  
away. He's been in custody for  
sixteen hours. He's currently  
sitting in interview room B.

Mike appears dubious, but ...

MIKE  
Ok. Ready to squat this bastard...  
Ma'am.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

John sits at the table, staring across with quiet resignation  
at --

Mike and Ellie, their eyes fixed on him. The room is filled  
with a palpably intense silence.

MIKE

... So you arrive at her house to pick her up, you wait a short while in her kitchen and then use her upstairs bathroom?

John, after a hesitant pause, nods.

MIKE

So what happened next, John?

John further hesitates, knowing his recollection of events is just not gonna wash.

JOHN

This is where you need to pay attention.

MIKE

Don't worry, we'll pay attention, John. We're only here to ascertain the truth.

John glares.

JOHN

I go to the bathroom upstairs ... I start washing my hands, then ... Out of nowhere, I get cracked over the head.

Both detectives stare... provokes an an anger within John, he jabs a finger toward the back of his head --

JOHN

You see this lump, didn't put it there myself! Do ya get me!

MIKE

Who cracked you over the head, John?

JOHN

Whoever did it. I didn't see 'em.

MIKE

No description at all?

JOHN

I was knocked unconscious, innit.

MIKE

So the assailant was hiding  
somewhere in the bathroom but you  
didn't see them?

JOHN

Somebody cracked me over the head  
and I was out.

John and Mike exchange daggers.

ELLIE

John, was the door to the bathroom  
open?

JOHN

Can't remember. Yeah, it must've  
been.

ELLIE

You didn't hear anybody  
approaching, any suspicious sounds  
leading up to when you were  
assaulted?

That question stirs memories.

JOHN

I heard things.

MIKE

What things, John?

JOHN

Why don't you just stop with the  
John shit - things.

A silent moment ensues.

MIKE

So what happened when you regained  
consciousness?

JOHN

I woke up in the room and she was  
laying on the floor, bloodied up  
and shit.

MIKE

... So basically you went into the bathroom, was washing your hands, and was then attacked by the perpetrator, who then went on to assault and murder the girl, and then dragged you into the girl's room while you were still unconscious, fled the scene, and left you in the frame - is that a fair assessment, John?

John locks eyes with Mike, his gaze intense and unyielding.

JOHN

Look, I know how this sounds. I didn't do this! I'm not a fucking rapist-murderer! You gotta listen, bruv. You know how she looked.

MIKE

Yes, I do.

Beat.

JOHN

Just charge me then. What you waiting for? If you don't believe anything the yardie says.

The two detectives assess their man. Mike then shoots a glance at Ellie. She knows what's coming.

He reaches down to grab a BAG, he then places the bag flat on the table.

MIKE

For the purpose of this interview,  
I am entering evidence item E204.

John stares at the bag and the necklace that's within.

MIKE

Do you recognise the contents of  
this bag, John?

Mike and Ellie stare hard, looking for anything.

JOHN

It's 'me chain. Where'd ya find it?

Mike's stare is long, hostile and scrutinising.

JOHN  
What? Where was it?

MIKE  
The chain was found shoved deep  
into Sasha Russell's genitalia,  
John.

John and Mike exchange a fierce stare.

JOHN  
Fuck off. I'm done with this shit.  
I ain't saying anything else, not  
without legal 'ere.

MIKE  
Let's take a break then.

ELLIE  
Interview paused at 3:00 pm  
Saturday 5th November 2022.  
We'll get that representation  
arranged, John.

The two detectives rise and head for the door.

JOHN  
I wanna go for a smoke.

MIKE  
No problem.

Ellie exits as Mike stands in the doorway beckoning over the  
custody officer.

JOHN  
This wasn't me, bruv.

MIKE  
Well, you got a little more time to  
think about that.

As the custody officer enters, Mike exits under John's  
searing gaze.

END OF ACT 3

DREAM SEQUENCE

OVER BLACK: A pulsating, unnerving beat throbs.

EXT. DETACHED HOUSE - DAY

Reverend Styles stands several yards behind a TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY — both facing the picturesque property.

The scene is distorted, surreal. The unnerving beat continues — we're clearly in a dream.

Styles, anguished, watches as the boy nears the front door. He calls out, pleading for him to stop — but the boy doesn't hear him.

The front door creeps open and the boy enters.

SMASH CUT:

INT. DETACHED HOUSE - DAY

Styles watches as the boy greets a FORTY-YEAR-OLD MAN. The man places a hand on the boy's shoulder, gazing down at him with a sly smile.

Styles locks his horrified gaze on the man, shaking his head in silent plea.

The man beckons the boy towards a room. The boy follows, tense, head down.

Styles mouths: "Please... no... no."

The pair enter the room... the door slams shut.

Styles rushes to the door, grabs the handle, yanks — it won't budge. He pounds on it with intense desperation.

SMASH CUT:

Styles turns from the door --

At the far end of the hall stands a sinister TALL MAN in a black trench coat, fedora, and dark tinted glasses. An ominous smile creeps across his face.

Styles stares, wide eyed.

The Tall Man slowly lifts his glasses, and just as they clear his eyes... A TERRIFYING DEMONIC FACE LUNGES TOWARD US.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. STYLES'S BEDROOM - DAY

Styles jolts awake, heart racing.

He grabs his bedside cross, grips it tight and reflects.

EXT. RECTORY - DAY

A Volkswagen Beetle parks up on the long driveway of this grand rural residency.

Styles exits via the driver's side and approaches the front porch. He walks with hesitancy and takes a moment before ringing the buzzer.

It rings...

A shadow approaches the door... unlocks... opens to reveal --

BISHOP SYMONDS (50s)

He wears black clergy garbs with a long chain and cross dangling from the neck. A naturally hospitable man.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Alex.

REVEREND STYLES

Bishop.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Come in, come in.

Alex follows the Bishop into his property.

INT. RECTORY OFFICE - LATER

Styles sits at one side of a table in this homely yet very devout chamber.

REVEREND STYLES

So we've split the hall into, if possible, six teams. About eight or nine people a team, if we get the numbers. We have about four rounds, ten questions, with five or so, religiously based and five popular culture.



Bishop Symonds sits opposite, in a notably grander seat.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Sport?

REVEREND STYLES

Yeah, we do sport questions. I mean basically, it seems to have reached out to new people. The Sunday service last week was full. New faces, young faces. It's only fifteen mins out of ninety and they're still there for the rest of the service. It's been a success and of course, it's more fun for me.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Good. But you're getting some opposition?

REVEREND STYLES

Yeah. Not all the regulars are keen. They see it as a disruption to the communal. I completely disagree with that. I guess...I could really do with your thoughts, support... condemnation?

BISHOP SYMONDS

I like it. Good for you. I'm always open to innovation. Will never please everybody but if it's getting people through our doors it certainly gets my approval.

REVEREND STYLES

Good... good.

Styles's smile descends to pensive.

BISHOP SYMONDS

... Alex, why've you really come to see me today?

Styles is hesitant to answer.

BISHOP SYMONDS

The murder in your community?

Styles slowly nods.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Is this about the service?

REVEREND STYLES

No. I knew the Russells. I'll be doing the service. It's... remember Scott Michaels?

BISHOP SYMONDS

Scott Michaels... the satanist? He's still giving you trouble?

REVEREND STYLES

Yeah. Last week he shouted threatening remarks to some of the regulars as they exited the church.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Threatening?

REVEREND STYLES

The usual warnings of impending evil. I wasn't there myself, but from what I've heard, he seemed to be under the influence of something. Also, I believe he left a pentagram outside the church — along with a rather unfriendly note.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Have the police been called?

REVEREND STYLES

I think so. I don't know whether anything's been done.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Well, you should enquire. Or do you want me to? This is totally unacceptable. We're not gonna tolerate it.

REVEREND STYLES

Well, my concern is more ... he threatens all this stuff ... then a brutal murder, right on our doorstep.

Symonds casts a curious, confused glance across the table.

BISHOP SYMONDS

Alex, I don't follow?

REVEREND STYLES

Uh... I'm sensing something ... something very bad.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The street is bustling with people, but emerging from the crowd is a fiercely resolute SCOTT MICHAELS.

He strides towards the entrance of a TUBE STATION, quickly descending the steps and forcefully pushing past any human traffic in his way.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - LATER

Scott stands, waiting for a train.

There is only a handful of people on the platform.

He looks directly down the pitch-black underground tunnel.

He stares.

His POV: Pure blackness... oblivion.

His mood softens into a trance-like state.

His POV: From the darkness, two bright lights appear.

They close in, get bigger, brighter. Something ominous stirs.

Scott is transfixed.

POV: The lights blinding, heading straight towards.

The train horn blares, deafening, right on top of us. Its thundering roar echoes along the tracks.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Scott marches down a row of terraced houses, then turns left.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE - LATER

Scott bangs his fist on a badly maintained front door.

A short wait.

The door swings open, revealing LISA, 25-30, tough-as-nails. Solid-built, like a cage fighter, with a striking snake tattoo coiled around her neck.

LISA

What the fuck do you want?

SCOTT  
Whaddya think?

She eyeballs him.

LISA  
It's forty squid a gram.

SCOTT  
I'll take three.

LISA  
Show me.

Scott pulls out a wad of notes from his jacket.

Lisa snatches the money and strides into her run-down home, leaving the door ajar.

INT. LONGE - LISA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark, curtains drawn. Dingy. Lisa sits on her couch, arranging a bag of WHITE POWDER.

WES (30), topless, tattooed, and stocky, sits nearby, watching her - he too could pass for a cage fighter.

Scott enters the lounge.

WES  
Back for some snort are ya?

Scott nods.

LISA  
You get two grams  
(gestures to the wad of  
cash in her hand)  
for this.

SCOTT  
Why's that, Lisa?

LISA  
Cos you fucking owe me, right?

Scott nods a begrudging "okay".

She finishes sorting the bag of coke and tosses it to Scott, who catches it and drops it into his jacket pocket.

He then just stands there staring at her.

LISA  
What?? You can jog on now.

WES  
Mate, fuck off and fill your nose.

LISA  
Piss off, Scott.

SCOTT  
There's another thing...

Lisa stares hard but Scott bides his time, enjoys the moment.

WES  
You got a problem, mate?

SCOTT  
Abacus has been in touch.

Lisa's colour fades, along with her hard exterior.

SCOTT  
He wants you to get back to work.  
The graffiti. The rituals.

Lisa sits frozen on the couch, paralyzed by fear.

SCOTT  
I'm just the messenger.

Wes looks on, confused.

WES  
Who's Abacus?

LISA  
(to Scott)  
You lie.

Scott shakes his head.

LISA  
You lie! He's gone! He's fucking  
gone!

WES  
Who the fuck is Abacus?

Lisa gets to her feet and into Scott's face.

LISA  
Get out of 'ere! Get the fuck out!

SCOTT  
I'll tell him "no", then.

That chills her to the bone.

LISA  
Get out!

Wes gets to his feet, aggressively.

WES  
You need to leave, mate.

Scott hits them with a wry smile and strides out of the room.

LISA  
You lie! Don't ever come back here!

Lisa's eyes brim with tears, her body trembling. A confused Wes rises and wraps her in his arms.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Kelly slumps against her headboard, staring ahead, despondent. Her heavy mascara bears traces of recent tears.

A Messenger alert sounds.

She glances down at her mobile phone that lies by her side.

Another messenger alert.

She glares at her phone... lethargically picks it up.

PHONE SCREEN: There is a bunch of messages from "JOSH".

JOSH (SCREEN TEXT)  
*12.25 pm: Kells, it's all so fckd up. Need to speak to you.*

JOSH (SCREEN TEXT)  
*03:00 pm: So fking shocked, can't believe my bruv could do that. He's ruined us.*

JOSH (SCREEN TEXT)  
*03:01 pm: Sorry bout last text babes, let me know when ur ready to talk? xx*

Kelly takes a deep breath, then wearily types a response --

KELLY (SCREEN TEXT)  
*Josh - jus can't face anything yet.*

She looks up from her phone, a troubling thought... keys in another message.

KELLY (SCREEN TEXT)  
*Don't think it was your bro that  
killed Sash. Talk soon xx*

Kelly hits send, then switches her phone off, discarding it on her bed.

She then delves into deep recollection.

INSERT FLASH SHOT:

Dark room. John Caston sits at a table, his gaze fixed intently on Sasha Russell. Between them, an old, weathered Ouija board.

CLOSE ON: Candles flickering, their flames wavering as a low, eerie sound reverberates through the darkness.

END FLASHSHOT:

Back on Kelly, who shudders at the sound of a knock on her bedroom door.

JEANNETTE (O.S)  
Hi sweetie, please come down,  
dinner's ready, will be good for  
you to get out of that room.

Kelly takes a moment, gathers herself.

KELLY  
Coming.

Before sluggishly getting up and heading for her door. The sound of the door slamming.

We're left lingering in her empty room.

END OF ACT 4

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - EVENING

Eddie stands at his desk, facing Ellie and Mike.

EDDIE

So from the six houses all in sight  
of the Russell's, nobody saw any  
other persons or vehicles around  
the property. Nothing. Just  
Caston's Ford hatchback.

MIKE

Not a big surprise - good.

Hannah sits, face buried in her computer monitor.

HANNAH

He was never charged with the 2015  
indecent assault.

MIKE

Does it say why?

HANNAH

(scanning her monitor)  
Uh... allegations withdrawn.

MIKE

Don't worry about it.

EDDIE

That Mrs Shelly confirmed she heard  
growls from the room shortly before  
she saw Caston at the window.

MIKE

Good - C.P.S. will have her.

EDDIE

Strange growls, she said.

MIKE

When are growls not strange?

EDDIE

Her kid was acting proper weird  
towards the Russell house too. Just  
thought I would mention that.

HANNAH

The lady at twenty-seven said her  
dog was barking at the house all  
night.



MIKE

Don't care, because the C.P.S.  
can't use a weird kid or a K9.

HANNAH

Just giving you everything, sir.

MIKE

I know, all good. Mainly pleased to  
hear that nobody spotted any other  
savage murderers on that street,  
last night.

He turns to Ellie.

MIKE

Shall we go back in?

Before Ellie can answer she spots DCS Sullivan in the  
doorway. Mike spins his head in that direction.

Sullivan beckons them to follow her.

INT. DCS OFFICE - LATER

Sullivan sits at her desk.

DCS SULLIVAN

The chief wants the charges  
brought. We're not gonna hold him  
any longer.

Mike and Ellie stand at her attention.

MIKE

I reckon I can push for a  
confession.

Sullivan looks to Ellie for a second opinion. She nods,  
though unconvincingly.

MIKE

Ma'am?

DCS SULLIVAN

Ok but be careful. There's a  
solicitor in there now. To much  
heat here for any slip-ups.

MIKE

It'll all be kosher.

DCS SULLIVAN  
Ellie, ensure he abides by that.

ELLIE  
Will do, ma'am.

Mike's eyes narrow as he and Ellie turn for the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

John remains seated, his stare unflinching. Mike and Ellie sit across from him, equally unmoving.

MIKE  
So John, where were we?

John says nothing. Sitting to John's right is his SOLICITOR, a 40-something man, who drips of self-importance.

JOHN'S SOLICITOR  
Can I remind you that John should be asked direct questions that are relevant to the case. Not providing a recap of the interview thus far.

Mike keeps his eyes on John.

MIKE  
How do you believe the girl's blood ended up on your shirt?

JOHN  
... No comment.

MIKE  
Did this mystery assailant drench you in her blood as part of the plan?

John's stare intensifies.

JOHN  
(to solicitor)  
Why they bothering with these games, bruv.  
(to Mike)  
Why don't you just do what you came in here to do.  
(re Ellie)  
And why's she just sitting there giving me the eyeballs all the time?  
(to Ellie)  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

If you wanna get down with the yardie, jus visit 'me cell later, innit.

ELLIE

Think I'll pass.

They trade daggers... John's solicitor whispers something into his ear.

JOHN

There's no point. Nobody believes the black man. I was guilty the moment they clocked me.

MIKE

John, the reason we're having trouble making sense of your version of events isn't because of your ethnicity, your past offenses, or your attitude. It's because you were arrested at the scene of a crime, where a teenage girl was assaulted and murdered, and you were the only one there. No one on that street saw any other people or vehicles around the property at the time. No one. Just you, staring out of Sasha's window.

A tense moment.

MIKE

Now, if the DNA from your nails and those from your teeth match those found on the wounds on the girl... I don't envisage a potential trial lasting very long. Do you?... John?

JOHN'S SOLICITOR

We're not gonna tolerate coercion, inspector.

Mike and John's eyes are still locked.

Ellie casts a cautious glance in Mike's direction as the weight of reality begins to overwhelm the suspect.

MIKE

Now you at least have an opportunity here to spare yourself that load. Save yourself and everybody else the burden of the crown's judicial system.

JOHN'S SOLICITOR

Do you have any questions for my client, inspector?

MIKE

John, If you are the perpetrator of this crime, you have this one chance to give something back. Spare her parents the torment. Spare them the trial. It's that one thing you can still do.

John lowers his head and starts to sob. They all watch him for moment... He looks back up at Mike with a sincere conviction.

JOHN

The nails and teeth will match. They'll fucking match, alright.

Mike gently nods with an air of victory.

MIKE

I know.

Mike shares a glance with Ellie, she knows his next question.

MIKE

John, did you kill the girl?

John lowers his gaze to the floor, sobbing quietly. Even his solicitor waits in silence, anticipating his answer.

MIKE

John, did you murder Sasha Russell?  
(beat)  
John?

JOHN

No! It wasn't me. I swear. It was this thing ... from a Ouija board ... a spirit.

Mike, Ellie and John's Solicitor, all share the same expression: "What did he just say?"

MIKE

... Sorry, a what?

JOHN

A spirit ... a fucking demon ... from a Ouija board ... it used me, I'm telling ya.

Mike, Ellie, and John's solicitor sit dumbfounded.

JOHN  
I'm fucked.

John continues to weep in his chair.

Whether it's because they believe he's insane, or simply  
because they can't fathom his audacity,

Either way... NOBODY CAN SAY ANYTHING.

END OF EPISODE 1.